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Manual of Patriotic Instruction



Kansas

1909

KANSAS MANUAL OF PATRIOTIC INSTRUCTION.

Special Days.

LABOR DAY.
THANKSGIVING DAY.
LINCOLN DAY.
WASHINGTON DAY.
ARBOR DAY.
PEACE DAY.
MEMORIAL DAY.
FLAG DAY.

ISSUED BY
EDWARD T. FAIRCHILD,
STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

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To Superintendents and Teachers:

The chief aim of this manual is to instill the spirit of patriotism into the minds of the future citizens of the state. These exercises should be given in every school in observance of each of the special days named. In addition to providing material for the observance of special days, the manual affords supplementary material in history, reading and literature.

This manual is not to become the personal property of the teacher, but is to be preserved as the property of the school, and should become a part of the school library.

EDWARD T. FAIRCHILD,
State Superintendent Public Instruction.

TOPEKA, KAN., March 10, 1909.

(3)

Labor Day.

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER.

"From labor health, from health contentment springs."—BEATTIE.

AMERICA.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, . . . and to spend as much time as you can with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

HONEST TOIL.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore,
Every chopper in the palm grove, every raftsmen at the oar—
Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and cleaving sod—
All the dusty ranks of labor, in the regiment of God,
March together toward His triumph, do the task His hands prepare:
Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS AND LABOR.

EPES SARGENT.

The camp has had its day of song;
 The sword, the bayonet, the plume,
 Have crowded out of rhyme too long
 The plow, the anvil, and the loom.
 O, not upon our tented fields
 Are freedom's heroes bred alone.
 The training of the workshop yields
 More heroes true than war has known!

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
 May, with the heart as valiant smite,
 As he who sees a foeman reel
 In blood before his blow of might!
 The skill that conquers space and time,
 That graces life, that lightens toil,
 May spring from courage more sublime
 Than that which makes a realm its spoil.

Let Labor, then, look up and see
 His craft no path of honor lacks;
 The soldier's rifle yet shall be
 Less honored than the woodman's ax.
 Let art his own appointment prize,
 Nor deem that gold or outward hight
 Can compensate the worth that lies
 In tastes that breed their own delight.

And may the time draw nearer still,
 When men this sacred truth shall heed,
 That, from the thought and from the will,
 Must all that raises man proceed.
 Though pride should hold our calling low,
 For us shall duty make it good;
 And we from truth to truth shall go,
 Till life and death are understood.

LABOR.

FRANCIS OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
 Hark! how Creation's deep musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
 Never the ocean wave falters in flowing,
 Never the little seed stops in its growing,
 More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
 "Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
 Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
 From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
 From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
 From the small insect the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'Tis the still water faileth;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
 Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth:
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
 Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
 Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lead us to ill.
 Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
 Work,—thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
 Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
 Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
 Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
 Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod.
 Work for some good,—be it ever so slowly;
 Cherish some flower,—be it ever so lowly;
 Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

WORK.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid;
 Look labor boldly in the face;
 Take up the hammer or the spade,
 And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song;
 There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
 There's merit in the brave and strong,
 Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
 And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
 It moves the green boughs till they make
 Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
 Should stir our dull and sluggard wills;
 For are we not created rife
 With health, that stagnant torpor kills?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
 Where idleness and plenty meet,
 Enjoys his pillow or his bread
 As those who earn the meals they eat.

The man is never half so blest
 As when the busy day is spent
 So as to make his evening rest
 A holiday of glad content.

—Selected.

THE NOBLEST MEN.

The noblest men that live on earth,
 Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
 Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
 Hew down the woods and till the soil;
 And win thereby a prouder name
 Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,
 Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
 They wear upon their honest brows
 The royal stamp and seal of God;
 And worthier are their drops of sweat
 Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
 Who rear the cities of the plain;
 Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
 And drive the commerce of the main.
 God bless them; for their toiling hands
 Have wrought the glory of all lands.

—Selected.

FOR A' THAT.

ROBERT BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor
 Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he maunna fa' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that!

TOIL'S GRANDEUR.

JAMES P. BROOMFIELD.

Toil and the arm grows strong,
 Sluggards are ever weak;
 Toil and the earth gives forth
 Riches to those that seek.
 Toil and the eye grows keen,
 Sure is the woodman's stroke;
 With skill the craftsman molds
 Wonders from steel and rock.
 Not from the idler's dream
 Flows yonder miller's stream,
 Nor from the braggart's boast
 Glens yonder guarded coast.

Toil and the heart grows light,
 Trembles the earth with song,
 Flowing in thrilling notes,
 From the vast toiling throng.
 Up from the plains of waste,
 Cities triumphant loom;
 Where the fierce panther crouched,
 Gardens of beauty bloom.
 Not from the striker's moan
 Have our great wastes been sown,
 Nor from the coward's gun
 Did the fierce savage run.

Toil and the mind grows clear,
 To the great work of God;
 Flow'rs of contentment spring,
 Bright'ning our earthen road;
 Dearer becomes the land
 That we so proudly till,
 Stouter our bulwarks loom,
 Daring invading skill.
 Not in the lawless hind,
 Can we a patriot find,
 Nor with the godless band,
 Dare we intrust our land.

 Ever a nation's boast,—
 Bulwarks around her coast,
 Ever a country's gain,—
 Toilers with hands or brain.

WORKING MAN'S SONG.

CHAS. MACKAY.

Who lacks for bread of daily work
 And his appointed task would shirk,
 Commits a folly and a crime ;
 A soulless slave—
 A partly knave—
 A clog upon the wheels of Time.
 With work to do and stores of health,
 The man's unworthy to be free
 Who will not give,
 That he may live,
 His daily toil for daily fee.

No; let us work! We only ask
 Reward proportioned to our task;
 We have no quarrel with the great;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill or bank—
 No envy of a lord's estate.
 If we can earn sufficient store
 To satisfy our need,
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
 A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
 We know our worth, our weight, our powers.
 The more we work, the more we win;
 Success to Trade!
 Success to Spade,
 And to the corn that's coming in;
 And joy to him who, o'er his task,
 Remembers toil is Nature's plan;
 Who working thinks,
 And never sinks
 His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humble wealth,
 Enough for competence and health,
 And leisure when his work is done,
 To read his book
 By chimney nook,
 Or stroll at setting sun;
 Who toils, as every man should toil,
 For fair reward, erect and free;
 These are the men—
 The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

Pull away cheerily, work with a will!
 Day after day every task should be done!
 Idleness bringeth us trouble and ill,
 Labor itself is some happiness won!
 Work with the heart and work with the brain,
 Work with the hands and work with the will,
 Step after step we shall reach the high plain;
 Then pull away cheerily, work with a will.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

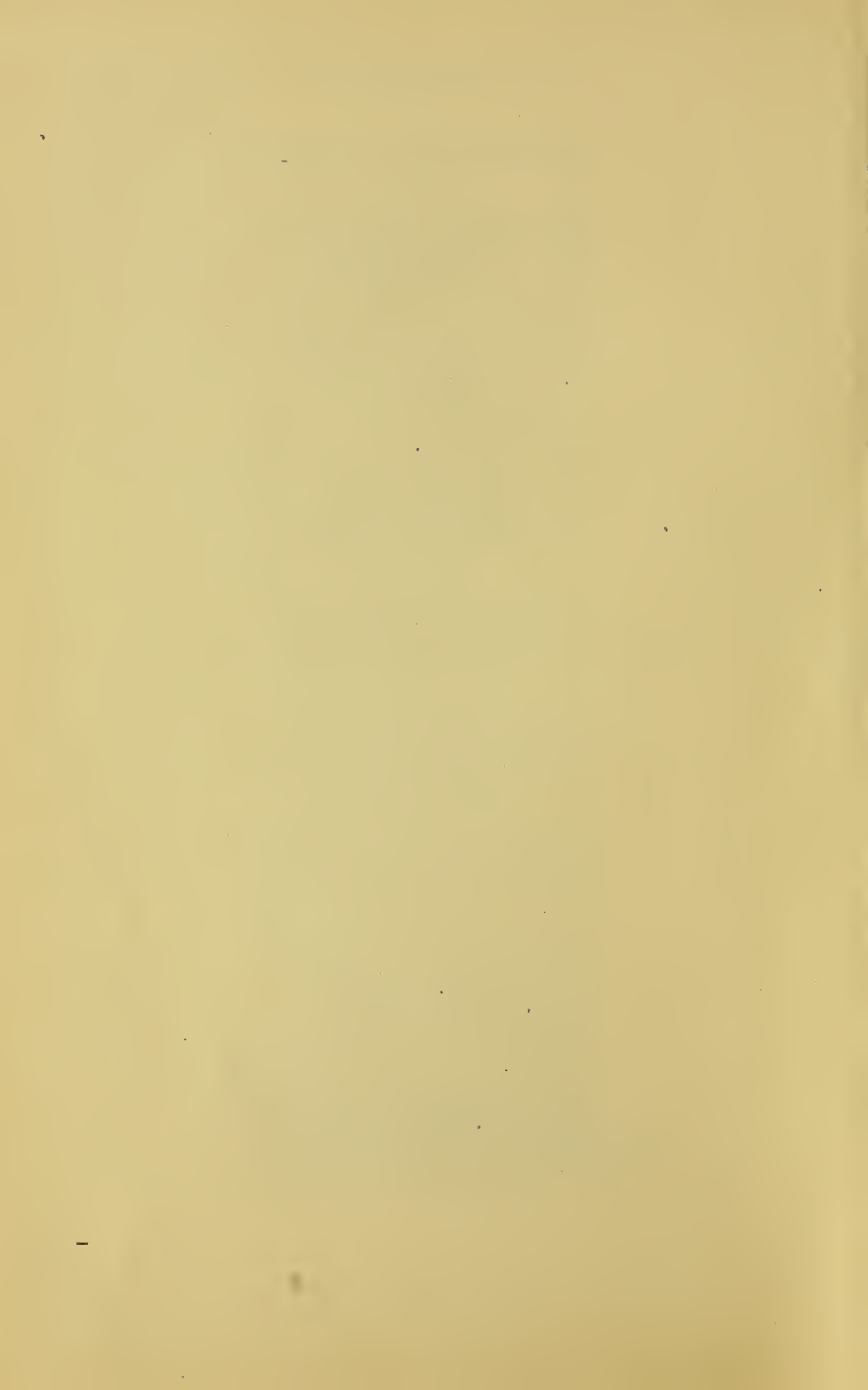
And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.



Thanksgiving Day.

LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER.

"The best thanksgiving is thanks-living."

He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

—J. A. Shedd.

SONG.

(Air—"America.")

The God of harvest praise;
In loud thanksgiving raise
Hand, heart and voice.
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

The God of harvest praise;
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord.
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

—James Montgomery.

IT IS COMING.

WILL CARLETON.

It is coming—it is coming—be the weather dark or fair;
See the joy upon the faces, feel the blessings in the air!
Get the dining chamber ready—let the kitchen stove be filled;
Into gold-dust pumpkin—have the fatted turkey killed;
Tie the chickens in a bundle by their yellow-downy legs;
Hunt the barn, with hay upholstered, for the ivory-prisoned eggs.
'Tis the next of a procession, through the centuries on its way;
Get a thorough welcome ready for the grand old day.

The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful some other hearts, too;
For lives that are grateful, and sunny, and glad,
To carry their sunshine to hearts that are sad;
For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor little children to share;
For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

We all know that the first winter of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was a terrible one. They nearly perished for want of food, and about half of them died from sickness. But the next season was fruitful; and when the harvest was gathered in, good Governor Bradford proposed to have a day of public praise and thanksgiving. To add to the store of good cheer he sent four skillful hunters to procure game. They came back well loaded, and among the rest brought a number of wild turkeys. It is said that from this fact came the almost universal custom of providing a turkey for the Thanksgiving feast. Here is a poem about that thanksgiving:

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, A. D. 1621.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

“And now,” said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadows o’er,
“’Tis meet that we render praise because of the yield of grain;
’Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain,
And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

* * * * *

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy.”

EARLY THANKSGIVING DAYS.

For six pupils.

FIRST. The first recorded Thanksgiving was the Hebrew feast of the tabernacles.

SECOND. The first English Thanksgiving was on September 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

THIRD. There have been but two English Thanksgivings in the nineteenth century. One was on February 27, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness; the other, June 21, 1887, for the Queen’s Jubilee.

FOURTH. Governor Bradford, of Plymouth colony, first set apart a day for Thanksgiving in 1621, after the first harvest of the New England colonists. In that colony in 1623 a day of fasting and prayer in the midst of drought was changed into Thanksgiving by the coming of rain. Gradually the custom prevailed of appointing a day of Thanksgiving annually after the harvest.

FIFTH. Congress annually recommended a day of national Thanksgiving during the Revolution. In 1784 Congress recommended a day of Thanksgiving for the return of peace. Washington appointed such a day in 1789, after the adoption of the constitution, and another such day in 1795, for the general benefit and welfare of the nation. Madison appointed a day of Thanksgiving in 1815 for the return of peace after the war of 1812.

SIXTH. The next Thanksgiving Day was appointed in 1863 by the proclamation of President Lincoln, and since that date the presidents have issued proclamations annually appointing the last Thursday of November as Thanksgiving Day, and governors of the various states have also generally issued Thanksgiving proclamations.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

Children, do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our pilgrim fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
Wealth and comfort—yes, and more,—
Left their homes and friends and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.

And too often e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand;
And before the spring had reached them
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those pilgrims long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago;
But for all their struggles gave us
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast or praise or pray,
Should bless God for those brave pilgrims
And their first Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

HEMANS.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On the stern and rock-bound coast;
 And the woods against the stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er;
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came;
 Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
 And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear;
 They shook the depths of the desert gloom
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
 And the stars heard, and the sea;
 And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
 To the anthem of the free!

What sought they thus afar?
 Bright jewels of the mine?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
 They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where they first trod.
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God.

NOVEMBER.


WHITTIER.

And now with autumn's moonlit eyes
 Its harvest-time has come,
 We pluck away the frosted leaves
 And bear the treasure home.
 Then let the good old crop adorn
 The hills our fathers trod;
 Still let us, for his golden corn,
 Send up our thanks to God.

THANKSGIVING.

HANNAH E. G. AREY.

We hallow the day as our fathers did,
 With a mingling of gladness and praise and prayer,
 With a willing boon for the lowliest shed,
 That the hungry and poor in our thanks may share,
 And the scantiest table be freely spread,
 And the lip of the mourner a blessing bear.

 WHO GIVES US OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER?

EMILIE POULSSON.

On Thanksgiving Day little Dorothy said,
 With many a nod of her wise curly head,
 "The cook is as busy as busy can be,
 And very good, too—for 'tis easy to see
 She gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh! no, little Dorothy," answered the cook,
 "Just think of the trouble your dear mother took
 In planning the dinner and getting for me
 The things that I cook; so 'tis mother, you see,
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Of course it is mother; I ought to have known,"
 Said Dorothy then, in a satisfied tone.
 But mother said, smiling: "You are not right yet;
 'Tis father who gives me the money to get
 The things for our Thanksgiving dinner."

But father said: "I earned the money, 'tis true;
 But money alone not a great deal can do.
 The butcher, the grocer, whose things we must buy,
 Should not be forgotten, for they more than I
 Will give us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, is n't it funny?" said Dorothy then;
 "And now, I suppose, if I asked these two men,
 The grocer, the butcher, about it, they'd say
 It surely is somebody else and not they
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

And soon little Dorothy heard with delight
 That her guess about grocer and butcher was right.
 The grocer said he only kept in his store
 What miller and farmer had brought in before
 To help for the Thanksgiving dinner.

The jolly old butcher laughed long and laughed loud,
 My Thanksgiving turkeys do make me feel proud,
 And one's for your dinner; but then you must know
 The turkeys are raised by the farmer, and so
 He gives you your Thanksgiving dinner."

"Oh, yes! 'tis the farmer; at last I've found out,"
 Said Dorothy then with a glad little shout.
 "The miller must go to the farmer for wheat,
 The butcher from him gets the turkeys we eat;
 Yes!—*he* gives us our Thanksgiving dinner."

"But yet all the others had something to do;
 The miller and butcher and grocer helped, too.
 And then there was father and mother and cook.
 I never before knew how many it took
 To give us our Thanksgiving dinner."

So said little Dorothy, full of surprise,
 And feeling that now she had grown very wise.
 But what do you think? Had she found it all out?
 Or was there still more she might learn, about
 Who gives us our Thanksgiving dinner?

PEN PICTURE OF THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

'Tis the morn of the first Thanksgiving,
 The air it is crisp and cold,
 The snow lies in drifts in the highways.
 The wind is cutting and bold.

From each lowly hut and cottage
 Unto the house of prayer,
 With rifles upon their shoulders
 The pilgrims assemble there.

The dark, dreary winter is ended,
 The spring with its soft, gentle rain,
 And the warm sunny days of the summer
 Had ripened the much needed grain.

Now each garner is bursting with plenty,
 Each heart, too, is filled with great joy.
 This winter no famine will haunt them,
 No terror their thoughts will employ.

In the bleak little church in the village
 Are gathered stern men and fair maids,
 Their praises are joyfully ringing
 And echo o'er high hills and glades.

Thus passed the first day of Thanksgiving,
 With thanks that e'er came from the heart;
 And no matter how humble his station,
 Each person in them took his part.

—*American History Stories.*

THANKSGIVING DAY.

SARAH E. SPRAGUE.

It is not the yellow ripened corn,
 Nor wheat that's stored away;
 It is not health, it is not wealth,
 That make Thanksgiving Day.

'Tis something sweeter, dearer still,
 That ne'er can know decay;
 'Tis country, home and friends in one
 That make Thanksgiving Day.

WE OFFER THANKS.

For earlier and for later rain,
 And seasons with their wonted train;
 For bounty given through all the year,
 And bins heaped high with harvest cheer.
 For fleecy clouds and skies of blue,
 For all earth's beauty ever knew;
 For all the hopes which fair and bright,
 Attend the morrow's dawning light,
 And promise joys for days to be,
 We offer thanks, O Lord, to Thee.

—*Selected.*

THE DAY WE LOVE.

M. J. B.

Of all the glad days of the year
 Thanksgiving Day 's the best;
 Then fun and joy run riot
 And sorrow is at rest.

We keep the day with feasting
 And enjoy it with a will,
 From the poor man in the valley
 To the rich man on the hill.

What though the wind be chilly
 And clouds the sky may fill,
 And all without be dreary,
 If the heart is happy still!

Then let us keep Thanksgiving,
 And, looking through the years,
 We'll labor ever onward,
 Unharmed by doubts or fears.

THANKSGIVING JOYS.

Cart loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
 Onions in silvery strings,
 Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
 Nuts and a host of good things,
 Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs—
 These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time begins;
 From office and schoolroom and hall,
 Fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts,
 Nieces and nephews, and all
 Speed away home, as they hear from afar
 The voice of the Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
 Cast every trouble away;
 Think of your blessings, remember your joys.
 Don't be afraid to be gay!
 None are too old and none are too young
 To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A MORNING THANKSGIVING.

M. J. GARLAND.

For this new morning with its light,
 For rest and shelter of the night,
 For health and food, for love and friends,
 For everything his goodness sends,
 We thank the Heavenly Father.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Swing the shining sickle,
 Cut the ripened grain,
 Flash it in the sunlight,
 Swing it once again.

Tie the golden grain heads
 Into shining sheaves,
 Beautiful their colors
 As the autumn leaves.

Pick the rosy apples,
 Pack away with care,
 Gather in the corn ears,
 Gleaning everywhere.

Now the fruits are gathered,
 All the grains are in,
 Nuts are in the attic,
 Corn is in the bin.

Loudly blows the north wind
 Through the shining trees,
 Bare are all the branches,
 Fallen all the leaves.

Gathered is the harvest
 For another year,
 Now our day of gladness,
 Thanksgiving day is here.

—Selected.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

The meadows are bare and brown,
 To silent rest they are laid;
 The songbirds southward have winged their way
 Lest they feel the touch of the winter's fray,
 And the snowflakes falling down.

A solemn silence comes with the fall,
 A silence deep and sweet;
 For tho' the year is creeping away,
 It is bringing nearer, day by day,
 A day—dear day—to all.

A day set apart by our fathers of old,
 A day for thanksgiving and cheer;
 When the soul's full song shall soar on high,
 An incense rising from earth to sky,
 For blessings—sweet blessings—untold.

A day of peace, a day of rest,
 Given as the fruit of work;
 With swelling hearts and heads bowed low,
 We chant Thy praises, soft and slow,
 Thy loving care attest.

—American Primary Teacher.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

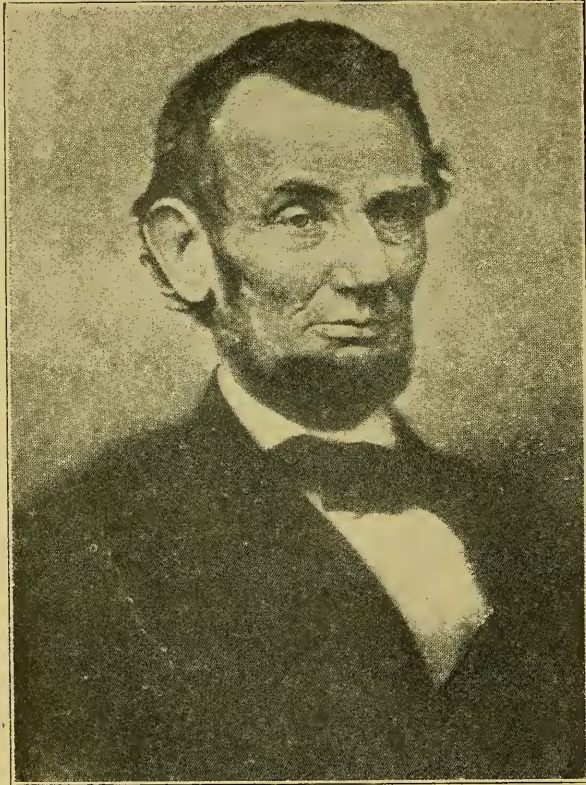
(Air—"America.")

O thou, whose eye of love
Looks on us from above
 Low at thy throne
We come to thee and pray
That, gleaning day by day,
Our grateful hearts alway
 Thy hand may own.

Thine are the waving fields,
Thy hand the harvest yields;
 And unto thee
To whom for rain and dew,
And skies of sunny blue,
Our love and praise are due,
 We bend the knee.

And when beneath the trees
In fairer fields than these
 Our glad feet roam,
There where the bright harps ring,
May we our gleanings bring,
And in thy presence sing
 Our harvest home.

—*Song Budget.*



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born February 12, 1809. Died April 15, 1865.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a masterpiece of God.

—Walter Malone.

Lincoln Day.

THE TWELFTH DAY OF FEBRUARY.

*“Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart.”*

EDWIN MARKHAM'S TRIBUTE.

At the dinner of the Republican Club, held in New York, Edwin Markham, the poet, recited an original ode entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the Great Commoner," from which the following is an extract.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the wind that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind,
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

LINCOLN.

CHARLES G. HALPINE.

His towering figure, sharp and spare,
Was with such nervous tension strung
As if on each strained sinew swung
The burden of a people's care.

His changing face what pen can draw?
Pathetic, kindly, droll, or stern;
And with a glance so quick to learn
The inmost truth of all he saw.

STAND BY DUTY.

If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality, its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension, its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right. . . . If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. . . . Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*February, 1860.*

GOLDEN SENTIMENTS TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

1. Abraham Lincoln was the genius of common sense.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*
2. Lincoln was the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men.—*Gen. W. T. Sherman.*
3. Washington was the father, and Lincoln the savior, of his country.—*Henry L. Dawes.*
4. A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness for his enemies.—*Ulysses Simpson Grant.*
5. His career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and worthy.—*Bishop Mathew Simpson.*
6. By his fidelity to the true, the right, the good, he gained not only favor and applause, but what is better than all, love.—*W. D. Howells.*
7. Kind, unpretending, patient, laborious, brave, wise, great, and good, such was Abraham Lincoln.—*Theodore Frelinghuysen.*
8. Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind.—*James A. Garfield.*
9. A man born for his time.—*Morrison R. Waite.*
10. Lincoln was the greatest president in American history, because in a time of revolution he comprehended the spirit of American institutions.—*Lyman Abbott.*
11. He was one of the few great rulers whose wisdom increased with his power and whose spirit grew gentler and tenderer as his triumphs were multiplied.—*Garfield.*
12. With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those whom he had trusted to command and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint nor cast a censure for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero.—*U. S. Grant.*
13. The best way to estimate the value of Lincoln is to think what the condition of America would be to-day if he had never lived—never been president.—*Walt Whitman.*
14. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good will.—*R. W. Emerson.*
15. The life of Lincoln should never be passed by in silence by old or young. He touched the log cabin and it became the palace in which greatness was nurtured. He touched the forest and it became to him a church in which the purest and noblest worship of God was observed. In Lincoln there was always some quality which fastened him to the people and taught them to keep time to the music of his heart. He reveals to us the beauty of plain backwoods honesty.—*Prof. David Swing.*
16. His biography is written in blood and tears; uncounted millions rise and call him blessed; a redeemed and reunited republic is his monument. He was compassionate. With what joy he brought liberty to the enslaved. He was forgiving. He was great. Perhaps a greater man never ruled in this or any other nation. He was good and pure and incorruptible. He was a patriot; he loved his country; he poured out his soul unto death for it. He was human, and thus touched the cord that makes the whole world kin.—*Rev. H. W. Bolton.*

17. The shepherd of the people!—that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead president of ours? He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, trustful cheerfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty, devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

18. There is no name more deserving of imperishable fame than Abraham Lincoln. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their names fade from the memory of the world. Some are not honored by their contemporaries, but in subsequent ages their memories are recalled with gratitude. But here is one who was more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has his threefold greatness: Great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world.—*Bishop Newman.*

19. We rest in peace, where these sad eyes
 Saw peril, strife, and pain;
 He was the nation's sacrifice,
 And ours the priceless gain.

—*Whittier.*

20. There are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear their breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when, at last, its parting folds admitted the martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.—*From an oration on Abraham Lincoln, by James A. Garfield.*

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

“‘A house divided against itself cannot stand.’ I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved, I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided.”—*Address at Springfield, June 17, 1858.*

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE CIVIL WAR.

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of the civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I have the most solemn one to ‘preserve, protect, and defend’ it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the angels of our better nature.”—*First Inaugural Address, March 4, 1861.*

MEMORABLE WORDS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

For exercises in quotations.

1. The Union must be preserved.
2. A nation may be said to consist of its territory, its people, and its laws.
3. I believe this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free.
4. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.
5. Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.
6. Stand fast to the Union and the old flag.
7. I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others.
8. And having thus chosen our course without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

LINCOLN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.—“If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average 180 pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes.”

 LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

Dedication of National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE HARD WORK PLAN.

“From the lowest depth of poverty
 To the highest heights of fame,
 From obscureness of position
 To a bright and shining name;
 From the mass of human beings,
 Who compose the common clan,
 You can earn your way to greatness
 By the hard work plan.

“ ’Twas the key to Lincoln’s progress,
 ’Twas the route to Webster’s fame,
 And Garfield, by this method,
 To distinction laid his claim;
 And all earth’s noblest heroes,
 Since this old world first began,
 Have earned their way to honor
 By the hard work plan.”

—*Selected.*

“Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

“With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on, to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wound; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.”
 —*Extract from second inaugural address, March 4, 1865.*

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who in the fear of God didst bear
 The sword of power—a nation’s trust.

In sorrow by the bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
 We bear thee to an honored grave,
 Whose noblest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of right.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF LINCOLN.

Horace White, who followed Lincoln through the campaign of 1854, and also through the debates of 1858, reporting the speeches for papers, heard and thus describes the first speech made by Mr. Lincoln on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, in reply to Douglas, in Springfield, Ill., October 4, 1854.

I heard the whole of that speech. It was a warmish day in early October, and Mr. Lincoln was in his shirt sleeves when he stepped on the platform. I observed that, although awkward, he was not in the least embarrassed. He began in a slow and hesitating manner, but without any mistakes of language, dates or facts. It was evident that he had mastered his subject, that he knew what he was going to say, and that he knew he was right. He had a thin, high-pitched falsetto voice of much carrying power, that could be heard a long distance in spite of the bustle and tumult of a crowd. He had the accent and pronunciation peculiar to his native state, Kentucky. Gradually he warmed up with his subject, his angularity disappeared, and he passed into that attitude of unconscious majesty that is so conspicuous in Saint Gauden's statue at the entrance of Lincoln Park, in Chicago. I have often wondered how this artist, who never saw the subject of his work, could have divined his presence and his dignity as a public speaker so perfectly.

Progressing with his theme, his words began to come faster and his face to light up with the rays of genius and his body to move in unison with his thoughts. His gestures were made with his body and head, rather than with his arms. They were the natural expression of the man, and so perfectly adapted to what he was saying that anything different from it would have been quite inconceivable. Sometimes his manner was very impassioned, and he seemed transfigured with his subject. Perspiration would stream from his face, and each particular hair would stand on end. Then the inspiration that possessed him took possession of his hearers also. His speaking went to the heart because it came from the heart. I have heard celebrated orators who could start thunders of applause without changing any man's opinion. Mr. Lincoln's eloquence was of the higher type, which produced conviction in others because of the conviction of the speaker himself. His listeners felt that he believed every word he said, and that, like Martin Luther, he would go to the stake rather than abate one jot or tittle of it. In such transfigured moments as these he was the type of the ancient Hebrew prophet as I learned that character at Sunday school in my childhood.

That there were, now and then, electrical discharges of high tension in Lincoln's eloquence is a fact little remembered, so few persons remain who ever came within its range. The most remarkable outburst took place at the Bloomington convention of May 29, 1856, at which the anti-Nebraska forces of Illinois were first collected and welded together as one party. Mr. John L. Scripps, editor of the *Chicago Democratic Press*, who was present—a man of gravity little likely to be carried off his feet by spoken words—said:

“Never was an audience more completely electrified by human eloquence. Again and again during its delivery they sprang to their feet and upon the benches and testified by long-continued shouts and the waving of hats how deeply the speaker had wrought upon their minds and hearts. It fused the mass of hitherto incongruous elements into perfect homogeneity; and from that day to the present they have worked together in harmonious and fraternal union.”

Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr President. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities, but

a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world-embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him, and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end. Amen.

BY WILLIAM H. TAFT, PRESIDENT.

William H. Taft, speaking on "Lincoln" on the Knox College campus, Galesburg, Ill., at the exact spot where Lincoln and Douglas engaged in debate fifty years ago.

"Certain it is that we have never had a man in public life whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing towards those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness than Abraham Lincoln. We have never had a man in public life who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did. We have never had a man in our history who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as this great product of the soil of Kentucky and Illinois."

BY J. McCAN DAVIS.

Abraham Lincoln was not a deity. It is among the glories of the human race that he was a man. He stands on a pinnacle alone, the greatest man in our history—the most wondrous man of all the ages. The world will forever marvel at his origin and his career. Whence came this wondrous man? Back of Lincoln—generations before he was born—events happened which helped to shape and mold his destiny. No man escapes this inheritance from the past. We cannot know what seeds were sown a thousand years ago. We cannot see far beyond the log cabin in the wilderness of Kentucky. He came to us with no heritage save the heart and the brain which came from the fathomless deeps of the unknown.

He was endowed with that divine gift of imagination which enabled him to behold the future. The emancipation proclamation loomed in his mind when, as an unknown, friendless youth, he stood on the levee in New Orleans and saw a slave auction thirty years before the civil war. As he sat in the White House he saw beyond battles, beyond the end of the war, beyond the restoration of peace, a reunited country—the grandest nation on the globe, under a single and triumphant flag, moving down the centuries to its glorious destiny.—*From How Abraham Lincoln Became President.*

BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON.

Law partner of Mr. Lincoln.

This man, this long, bony, wiry, sad man floated into our country in 1831, in a frail canoe, down the north fork of the Sangamon river, friendless, penniless, powerless and alone—begging for work in this city—ragged, struggling for the common necessities of life. This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861, the President of the United States, backed by friends and power, by fame, and all human force; and it is well to inquire how.

To sum up, let us say, here is a sensitive, diffident, unobtrusive, natural-made gentleman. His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring; having no vices, and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong, honest, sagacious, manly, noble life. He stands in the foremost rank of men in all ages—their equal—one of the best types of this Christian civilization.—*Springfield, 1882.*

Lincoln was the humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history.—*Castelar.*

I saw standing in the midst of that mighty assembly a man of majestic yet benignant mien, of features worn and haggard, but beaming with purity, with patriotism, and with hope. Every eye was directed towards him, and, as men looked into his calm, sad, earnest face, they recognized the great President, the foremost man of the world, not only in position and power but in all the noblest attributes of humanity. When he essayed to speak, such solemn silence reigned as when, within consecrated walls, men and women feel themselves in the presence of deity. Each sentence, slowly and earnestly pronounced, as its full import was apprehended, sank into every patriotic heart, gave a strange luster to every face, and nerved every arm. In those utterances, the abstract, the condensation, the summing up of American patriotism, were contained the hopes, the aspirations, the stern resolves, the consecration upon the altar of humanity, of a great people.—*From "Lincoln at Gettysburg," by Clark E. Carr, McClure Publishing Co., Chicago.*

LINCOLN.

ERNEST MAC GAFFEY.

Here was a noble product of the soil,
 Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
 Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
 The chivalry of Bayard in his breast;
 A soul serene that ever onward pressed,
 Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
 That stood in every crisis fierce the test,
 Till earth had linked his memory with her great,
 As statesman, President, and master of his fate.
 He pierced the æons with a prophet's eye.
 Humanity was what he spelt in creed;
 He passed the letter of the statute by,
 To give the spirit of it utmost heed.
 His life was open, both in word and deed,
 From prejudice and passion wholly free;
 Of liberty he sowed a pregnant seed
 For millions, and for millions yet to be,
 Himself the bondman's knight of nature's sole degree.
 A tribune of the people, so he sprang
 And seized the reins of power and high place,
 While through the world his challenge grandly rang,
 And shook oppression's temple to its base.
 His was the mettle of heroic race,
 On whom the seal of sterling merit sat;
 The sunken cheeks, the shrewd and homely face,
 That shallow wits had launched their arrows at,—
 Rail-splitter, orator, and greatest Democrat.
 Along the wide horizon of the years,
 A deep, sonorous echo of his name
 Rolls, thunder-like; and future history hears
 An answering echo from the halls of fame.
 We see the tall, the gaunt, calm, ungainly frame;
 We mark the will to dare, the mind to plan;
 We find the pure resolve, the lofty aim;
 And while his rugged virtues thus we scan,
 We stand uncovered, while we cry, "This was a man!"
 And upward to the portals of the stars,
 And past the confines of the seven seas,
 Beyond the smoky banners of our wars,
 Borne outward on the pinions of the breeze,
 His fame is sung in divers master keys,
 And shrined in bronze, or heralded in rhyme,
 Past mountain tops, and past the Pleiades,
 Far-sent, far-sounding, still with notes sublime,
 Loud-bugled by the mighty trumpet-tone of time.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

“Forgive them, for they know not what they do!”
 He said, and so went shriven to his fate,—
 Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.
 Even while he spoke the slayer lay in wait,
 And when the morning opened Heaven’s gate
 There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.
 Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
 They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
 Have murdered Mercy. Now alone shall stand,
 The swelling thunder of the people’s roar:
 What words they murmur,—Fetter not her hand!
 So let it smite, such deeds shall be no more!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

There’s a name that brings a picture
 Of a man great souled and grand;
 One whose deeds on history’s pages,
 Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There’s a name that brings a picture
 Of a time when blood was shed,
 When the boom of cannon sounded
 And the star of war was red.

There’s a name that brings a picture
 Of a shackled race set free,
 Brought from out the ban of bondage
 To the joys of liberty.

There’s a name that brings a picture
 Of a nation bowed in woe,
 For the hand of an assassin
 Laid a noble spirit low.

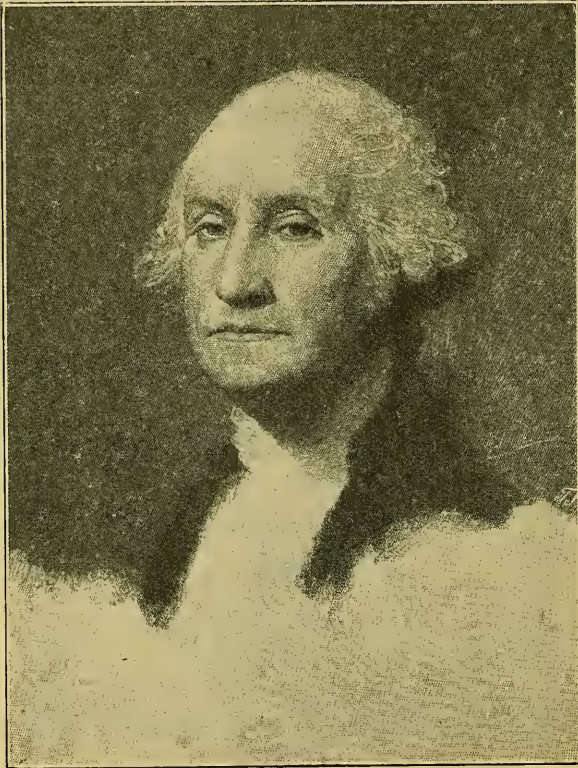
’Tis the name of martyred Lincoln
 Calls these pictures from the past.
 And the name with the immortals
 Shall endure while earth shall last.

—Selected.

“THE FIRST AMERICAN.”

So always firmly, he;
 He knew to bide his time,
 And can his fame abide,
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime
 Till the wise years decide,
 Great captains with their drums and guns,
 Disturb our judgment for the hour,
 But at last silence comes;
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
 Our children shall behold his fame,
 The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
 New birth of our new soil, the first American.

—From Lowell’s “Commemoration Ode.”



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born February 22, 1732.

Died December 14, 1799.

“The first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West.”

Washington's Birthday.

THE TWENTY-SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY.

*"Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy."*

—Lowell.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

GEORGE HOWLAND.

Air—"America,"

Welcome thou festal morn!
Never to pass in scorn
Thy rising sun;
Thou day forever bright
With freedom's holy light,
That gave the world the sight
Of Washington.

Unshaken 'mid the storm,
Behold that noble form,
That peerless one—
With his protecting hand,
Like Freedom's angel, stand,
The guardian of our land,
Our Washington.

Now the true patriot see,
The foremost of the free,
The vict'ry won;
In Freedom's presence bow,
While sweetly smiling now,
She wreathes the spotless brow
Of Washington.

Then, with each coming year,
Whenever shall appear
That natal sun;
Will we attest the worth
Of one true man to earth,
And celebrate the birth
Of Washington.

Traced there in lines of light,
Where all pure rays unite.
Obscured by none;
Brightest on history's page,
Of any clime or age,
As chieftain, man, and sage,
Stands Washington.

Name at which tyrants pale,
And their proud legions quail,
Their boasting done;
While Freedom lifts her head,
No longer filled with dread,
Her sons to vict'ry led
By Washington.

THE FLAG.

Here's to the flag, red, white, and blue,
Which waves above the brave and true!
Had it not been for Washington
It would not wave beneath the sun.
Upon his name heap honors then,
The bravest, wisest, best of men.
His birthday let us celebrate,
His virtues try to emulate.

—Selected

GOLDEN SENTIMENTS TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Washington fought not for fame, but for liberty. Let his name be perpetuated and each recurring birthday anniversary celebrated.—*Jane C. Harvey, Minnesota.*

“First in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,” was appropriately said of him. He rose above partisanship. He knew no section, party or creed.—*T. E. Hickman, Arkansas.*‡

O, immortal Washington! Thou greatest of America’s uncrowned kings, in the unselfishness of thy love of home and native land, we would approach within the halo of thy greatness, and adorn thy brow with the laurel.—*Robt. M. Smith, Illinois.*]

Let all true American boys and girls resolve on the anniversary of Washington’s birthday, that they will imitate in their own life, as far as lies within their power, the preeminent patriotism of the “Father of his country.”—*Burt Stone, Iowa.*

Well does February 22 deserve a place among our national holidays; it recalls to us the bright name on history’s page, that of Washington, who fought for our independence, established our government, and secured the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.—*Lillian Knight, Minnesota.*

To Washington more than any other we owe the existence of our glorious Union. It was he who steered the newly constructed ship of state through the raging sea of disordered finance, prostrated commerce, ruined credit and exhausted resources into the placid waters that have brought us to our present greatness. What emotions of gratitude swell our hearts when we mention that significant synonym of our free institutions—Washington.—*John E. Haslacker, West Virginia.*

Oh, Washington! thou hero, patriot, sage,
Friend of all climes and pride of every age!

—*Thomas Paine.*

One of the greatest captains of the age.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

Washington is to my mind the purest figure in history.—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation’s life.—*John Richard Green.*

Thank God! the people’s choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

—*J. G. Whittier.*

What figure more immovably august
Than that gave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure;
That mind serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure?
Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done.
Modest, yet firm as nature’s self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this, and ours, and all men’s—

Washington.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the great,
 Where neither guilty glory glows
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes one—the first, the last, the best,
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,—
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make men blush there was but one!

—Byron.

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
 The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
 While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
 And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
 We follow thy counsels,
 O hero eternal,
 To highest achievement the school leads the van,
 And crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
 We pledge thee our all to the service of man.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Something of reserve and repose surrounds the movements of Washington. He acted with deliberation. It is as if he felt himself charged with the liberty of the future and feared to compromise its interests. It was not his own destiny that weighed upon this hero—it was the destiny of his country. He did not allow himself to trifle with what was not his. But from this deep humility what a light breaks forth. Seek the forests where shone the sword of Washington. What do you find? A place of tombs? No, a world. Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battlefield.—*Open Sesame.*

LET WASHINGTON SLEEP.

M. S. PIKE.

Disturb not his slumber, let Washington sleep,
 'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep;
 His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright,
 As the stars in the dark vaulted heavens at night.
 Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
 Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
 On the river's green border with rich flowers dressed,
 With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers, tread lightly around;
 'Tis the grave of a freeman—'tis liberty's mound;
 Thy name is immortal—our freedom it won—
 Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington.
 Oh! wake not the hero, his battles are o'er,
 Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
 While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
 O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

THE IMMORTALS.

EDWARD EVERETT.

We dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. Such men do not, cannot, die.

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "made it life to live," these cannot expire:

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

 QUOTATIONS FROM LOWELL'S "UNDER THE OLD ELM."

For ten pupils.

FIRST PUPIL.

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so patient and so pure,
Calm in good fortune; when it wavered, sure!

SECOND PUPIL.

That mind serene, impenetrably just,
Modelled on classic lines so simple they endure.

THIRD PUPIL.

That soul so softly radiant and so white,
The track it left seems less of fire than light!

FOURTH PUPIL.

His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.

FIFTH PUPIL.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison;
High-poised example of great duties done!

SIXTH PUPIL.

Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent!

SEVENTH PUPIL.

Modest, yet firm as nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed.

EIGHTH PUPIL.

Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will.

NINTH PUPIL.

Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice; but that he still withstood.

TENTH PUPIL.

Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington.

FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Exercise for four boys.

FIRST.

To-day is Washington's birthday,
 And the joyous bells we ring,
 And the "stars and stripes" so glorious
 Wide on the breeze we fling.
 Let the cannon's voice speak loudly
 At rise and set of sun,
 For we love the name
 And we sing the fame
 Of General Washington.

SECOND.

We all know that in his boyhood
 The truth he loved to tell.
 We know that grown to manhood
 He served his country well.
 We know, at the head of the army,
 Bravely to war he went,
 And when the war was done
 Was the chosen one
 To be our first President.

ALL.

*For faithful boys make faithful men.
 In all things do your best, and then
 You'll have a name, when you are old,
 Worth more to you than shining gold.*

THIRD.

So we love his name to honor;
 For noble things shall it stand,
 There are mountains in our "granite state"
 That are beautiful and grand.
 Many are named for our Presidents,
 But the noblest, loftiest one
 That rears its head
 With snow o'ftspread
 Bears the name, "Mount Washington."

FOURTH.

The nation's capital city,
 With its buildings fair and grand,
 That city loved by all of us
 In this free and happy land,
 Bears this name, that is most worthy;
 And it is good to know
 That this name will stand
 For the good and grand
 In this country that loves him so.

ALL.

*Oh, those whose lives are pure and true
 Shall be a help to me, to you;
 We'll be the better for this one,—
 The good, brave, noble Washington.*

—Selected.

AN ACROSTIC.

To be recited by sixteen little folks, each wearing his letter on a card about his neck, with the wrong side of the card outermost. Each turns his card to display his letter with the first word of his recitation.

1. Great was the hero whose name we shall spell.
2. Eager to do his work nobly and well.
3. Orderly, too, in all of his ways.
4. Righteous was he to the end of his days.
5. Good, we are told, from his earliest youth.
6. Earnest his efforts for freedom and truth.
7. Wise with a wisdom sent from above.
8. Ardent his hope for the country we love.
9. Strong was his arm when in Liberty's fight.
10. Honest his purpose that right should be might.
11. Indomitable was his courage we know.
12. Noble in thought his worthy deeds show.
13. Grand is the record that's left us to read.
14. True to his God and his country in need.
15. Obedient ever to duty's command.
16. None was so great in all of the land.

All.—And now you may see, when our spelling is done,
We give you the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

—Selected

MOUNT VERNON BELLS.

Air: "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground."

Where Potomac's stream is flowing,
Virginia's border through;
Where the white-sailed ships are going,
Sailing to the ocean blue;
Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
Silent every one—
While the solemn bells are ringing
By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS.

*Tolling and knelling,
With a sad, sweet sound,
O'er the waves the tones are swelling,
By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.*

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
Our country's father slept;
Long among the angels numbered—
They the hero-soul have kept.
But the children's children love him
And his name revere;
So, where willows wave above him,
Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
And bear the story far,
How he sleeps beneath the willows,—
"First in peace and first in war."
Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
Till you come again,
He within the hearts is dwelling
Of his loving countrymen.

—From Song Knapsack.

AN EPITAPH ON WASHINGTON.

NOTE.—The following beautiful epitaph was discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was copied from a transcript in the handwriting of Judge Washington.

The defender of his country,—the founder of liberty,
 The friend of man.
 History and tradition are explored in vain
 For a parallel to his character.
 In the annals of modern greatness
 He stands alone,
 And the noblest names of antiquity
 Lose their luster in his presence.
 Born the benefactor of mankind,
 He united all the greatness necessary
 To an illustrious career.
 Nature made him great,
 He made himself virtuous.
 Called by his country to the defense of her liberties,
 He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
 And, on the pillars of national independence,
 Laid the foundation of a great republic.
 Twice invested with supreme magistracy
 By the unanimous vote of a free people,
 He surpassed, in the cabinet,
 The glories of the field,
 And, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
 Retired to the shades of private life;
 A spectacle so new, and so sublime,
 Was contemplated with profoundest admiration;
 And the name of Washington,
 Adding new luster to humanity,
 Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
 Magnanimous in youth,
 Glorious through life,
 Great in death;
 His highest ambition,—the happiness of mankind,
 His noblest victory,—the conquest of himself.
 Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
 And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen,
 He lived—the ornament of the eighteenth century;
 He died, regretted by a mourning world.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Tune: "America."

God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night:
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state!

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

W. H. VENABLE.

Oh, keep their memory green who led
 A newsprung nation's hope forlorn;
 What blows they dealt! What blood they shed
 To seal the vow their souls had sworn.

Once more I see them rise, as when
 They rushed to arms with dauntless will,
 Those bold, broad-breasted minute-men,
 Whose volleys crimsoned Bunker Hill.

Can we forget their tattered clothes?
 Their hungry eyes, their feet half bare,
 That, bleeding, stained the cruel snows
 In Valley Forge, the camp of prayer?

Behold their chieftain whose bright name
 Shines lambent now, a fadeless star,
 Fixed in the exalted heavens of fame,
 Where glory's constellations are.

That lustrous name is Washington's,
 The symbol of heroic worth;
 His virtues patriots teach their sons
 Wherever Freedom treads the earth.

The Father of his Country! Yes,
 Stint not the measure of his praise;
 Great Lincoln's meed makes his not less;
 Grant's statue envies not his bays.

Seek not his peer in Rome or Greece;
 Napoleon yields the palm to him
 Who, first in war and first in peace,
 Made crowned ambition's jewels dim.

An unperturbed, victorious man!
 The signet of a valorous soul
 Impressed on his calm brow, "I can."
 Kings recognized his strong control.

Thrice fifty years and more have sped,
 Since for mankind this man was born.
 Such souls die not. He is not dead,
 We celebrate his natal morn.

We celebrate this radiant day,
 Which, in the twelvemonth's golden band,
 Sets like a gem of splendid ray,
 And sparkles over sea and land.

All loyal hearts foreknow the time,
 The birthday of our Washington!
 Ring! joyous bells! in chorus chime!
 Awake the echo's morning gun!

Ye loud rejoicing trumpets bray!
 Sound, piercing fife and throbbing drum!
 While marching on in plumed array,
 The gleaming ranks of soldiers come!

Now be the starry flags unfurled,
 While war-remembering cannon boom,
 Repeating to the listening world
 The story of oppression's doom!

WASHINGTON'S GLORY.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
 That long after you are gone,
 The things you did are remembered,
 And recounted in story and song ;
 To live so bravely and purely,
 That a nation stops on its way,
 And once a year, with banner and drum,
 Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
 So white and free from stain
 That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
 Though tested and tried amain ;
 That age to age forever
 Repeats its story of love,
 And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
 All other days above.

—Selected.

WASHINGTON.

EMERSON.

Blessed with genius, a gift so rare,
 That none with him could then compare,
 Destined in the realm of fate—
 A mind organic, high estate—
 To be a Washington.

Behold the splendors of that night !
 Grand Borealis shineth bright,
 In colors red, and white, and blue,
 Blending, mingling heavenly hue,
 As God and man and son.

If character's a gift supreme,
 Divine is man, divine my theme,
 Divine is God, divine the Son,
 A blending, mingling into one,
 God's gifts to Washington.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS PRESIDENT.

When Washington was president
 He saw full many an icicle ;
 But never on a railroad went,
 And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
 Nor heard of Yellowstone ;
 He never licked a postage stamp,
 And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at the knees ;
 By wire he could not send dispatch ;
 He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
 And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
 All work is with such dashing done—
 We've all those things ; but, then, alas !
 We seem to have no Washington.

—Selected.

WASHINGTON.

The brightest name on history's page.

ELIZA COOK.

Land of the West! though passing brief
 The record of thine age,
 Thou hast a name that darkens all
 On history's wide page.
 Let all the blasts of fame ring out,
 Thine shall be loudest far;
 Let others boast their satellites,
 Thou hast the planet star.

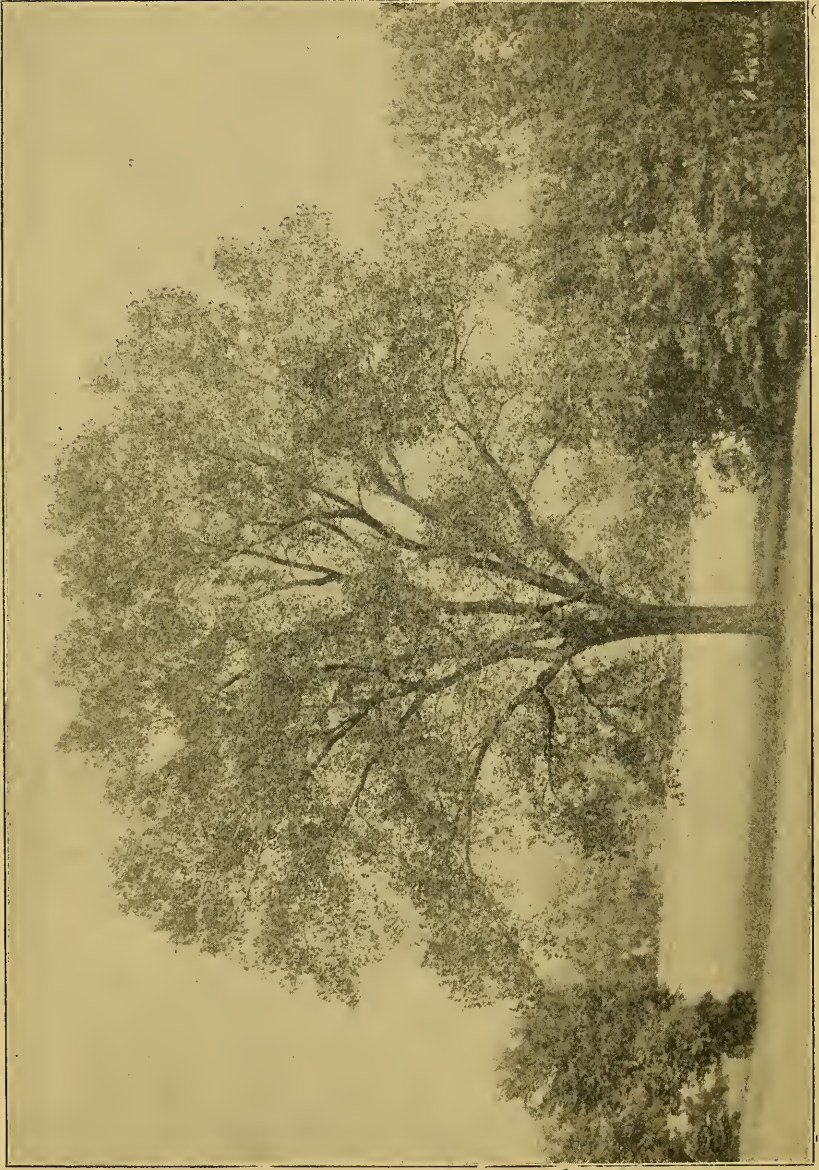
Thou hast a name whose characters
 Of light shall ne'er depart;
 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain
 And warms the coldest heart;
 A war cry fit for any land
 Where freedom's to be won;
 Land of the West! it stands alone,
 It is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave,
 But stain was on his wreath;
 He lived the heartless conqueror,
 And died the tyrant's death.
 France had its eagle, but his wings,
 Though lofty they might soar,
 Were spread in false ambition's flight,
 And dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
 Would fain have claimed the waves,
 Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal
 To make a world of slaves;
 Who, though their kindred barred the path,
 Still fiercely waded on,
 Oh, where appears their "glory" now
 Beside a Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife;
 He struck but to defend;
 And ere he turned a people's foe,
 He sought to be a friend.
 He strove to keep his country's right
 By reason's gentle word,
 And sighed when all injustice threw
 The challenge sword to sword.

He stood, the firm, the grand, the wise,
 The patriot and the sage;
 He showed no deep, avenging hate,
 No burst of despot rage.
 He stood for liberty and truth,
 And daringly led on,
 Till shouts of victory gave forth
 The name of Washington.



Anative Kansas tree on a Kansas school ground, showing what *can* be accomplished.

Arbor Day.

A DAY IN APRIL, DESIGNATED BY THE GOVERNOR.

"When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"The best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to sow a seed, whether it be in the shape of a word, an act, or an acorn."

NOTE.—In communities where school closes before Arbor Day, it is recommended that a day in the fall be observed as Arbor Day.

ARBOR DAY.

REFERENCE: Tree Planting in Rural School Grounds, Farmers' Bulletin No. 154, furnished free by the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Arbor Day is the embodiment of a beautiful principle. It is an expression of our love of nature, and its observance means that we shall be a little better thereafter. We have long preached, and to a considerable extent practiced, the doctrine of homelike and attractive interiors for our school-rooms. Is it not time that a special effort be made to beautify our school surroundings? The barren and forbidding appearance of thousands of school-grounds in this state is at war with the whole spirit of modern education.

What better time to begin a systematic and state-wide movement for handsome and more attractive school grounds than Arbor Day? The planting of trees, of shrubbery, of flowers—there is so much to be said in its favor! The argument lies not alone in the economic value of trees, but in the awakening and training that comes to the child in the beautifying of the grounds; pupils in their little republic learn something of civic duty; of their mutual relations to the district, the county and the state. It is also an appeal to the esthetic—the strongest possible ally in the establishing of morality—high standards.

A beautiful school yard in country or town means improved home yards, and such conditions always mean an improved school spirit in the community. The real observance of Arbor Day, the planting of trees, will arouse in the children a desire to know more about trees and plants, and will find its future expression in the homes they are to build.

"Wouldst thou make day more fair, and night more rich and holy,
Winter thou keenly bright, and summer's self more dear—
Grant the sweet earth a gift, deep-rooted, ripening slowly,
Add to the sum of joys that bless the rounded year?"

"Go, then, and plant a tree, lovingly in sun and shadow,
Gracious in every kind—maple, elm and pine.
Peace of the forest glade, wealth of the fruitful meadow,
Blessings of dew and shade, hereafter shall be thine!"

"For though thou never see the joy thy hand hath granted,
Those who shall follow thee thy generous boon may share.
Thou shalt be nature's child, who her best fruit hath planted,
And each of many a spring shall find thy gift more fair."

HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY.

An old Swiss chronicle relates that away back in the fifth century the people of a little Swiss village by the name of Brugg determined to secure a forest of oak trees on the common. More than a dozen sacks of acorns were sown, and after the work was done each participant received a wheaten roll as a reward for his labor. For some reason unexplained the acorns refused to sprout, and the next year another effort was made, but again the acorns refused to grow. The people, however, were determined to have an oak grove, so a day was appointed and the entire community, men, women and children, marched to the woods, where each very carefully dug up a sapling and transported it to the common, where a competent gardener superintended its transplanting. At the close of the tree planting each boy and girl was presented with a roll and in the evening the grown people had a merry feast and frolic at the town hall. The saplings were well watered and cared for by details of citizens under direction of the gardener, the work being voluntarily done, but every one was expected to do his share. In the course of years a fine grove was the result, which furnished a place of shade, rest and recreation for the citizens and their descendants. For years the anniversary of this tree planting was observed by the people of this town with appropriate exercises, among them being a parade of the children carrying oak leaves and branches, at the close of which rolls or other eatables were distributed in commemoration of the event. It is said a similar festival still exists in this and other Swiss villages. This seems to be the first recorded effort at organized tree planting, and this custom instituted so long ago finds a happy revival in our modern Arbor Day exercises.

The rapid destruction of the forests in our country called attention of students of forestry to the dangers which confronted us and brought forth numerous publications on the topic of forest preservation. In 1864 a work on "Man and Nature," by Geo. P. Marsh, aroused considerable public interest in tree planting, as did also later books by Dr. Franklin Hough and others.

The Hon. B. G. Northrup, secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, in his official report for 1865, made the suggestion respecting the annual planting of trees by children, but so far as recorded the suggestion was not acted on. Notwithstanding this fact, and also that Mr. Northrup does not claim the honor of originating the idea, yet much credit should be accorded him, as chairman of the American Forestry Association, for his persistent effort to encourage tree planting by children and to interest governors and legislatures in the plan. His last words to several governors were, "This thing is sure to go. The only question is, Shall it be under your administration, or that of your successor?"

It devolved, however, upon "Treeless Nebraska" to institute systematic tree planting on a given day through the organized effort of schools and citizens. The Hon. J. Sterling Morton is generally credited with originating the idea. In 1872, acting upon his suggestion, the governor of the state issued a proclamation designating Arbor Day and asking that the schools and citizens generally observe the day by appropriate exercises and tree planting. The setting April sun saw over a million trees planted in Nebraska soil as a result of the first Arbor Day celebration. In 1885 Arbor Day, April 22, Morton's birthday, was made a legal holiday in Nebraska. Careful statisticians claim that more than 1000 million trees are now in a thriving condition in this once "treeless state," through the united efforts of the school children and their parents on Arbor Day.

The originator of the idea lived long enough to see Arbor Day adopted in more than forty states and territories, to record millions and millions of trees added to the growing prosperity of the states, to note thousands of schoolhouses change cheerless surroundings for those of comfort and beauty, and to feel that in stimulating the planting of trees he had been an active factor in fostering a love for the school, the home and our country.

Minnesota is given the credit of being the first state to follow the lead

of Nebraska, with Kansas and Tennessee close seconds. Ohio, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and West Virginia followed a few years later. The influence of the idea has spread until Arbor Day is celebrated in nearly every state and territory in the Union. While the schools have been the strongest factor in this forward movement, due credit must be given to the G. A. R., the Grange, Civic Improvement Associations, Women's Clubs and Forestry Associations that have all worked for the common good.—*Illinois Arbor and Bird Day Manual.*

WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY.

For seven children.

As they take their places upon the stage, those in seats recite the first stanza.

*Trees of the fragrant forest,
With leaves of green unfurled,
Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
What do you do for our world?*

FIRST.

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
That fall with soothing sound,
Then drop them slowly, slowly down,
'Tis better for the ground.

SECOND.

When rushing down the hillside,
A mighty freshet forms,
Our giant trunks and spreading roots
Defend our happy homes.

THIRD.

From burning heat in summer,
We offer cool retreat,
Protect the land in winter's storm
From cold, and wind, and sleet.

FOURTH.

Our falling leaves in autumn,
By breezes turned and tossed,
Will make a deep sponge carpet warm
Which saves the ground from frost.

FIFTH.

We give you pulp for paper,
Our fuel gives you heat,
We furnish lumber for your homes,
And nuts and fruit to eat.

SIXTH.

With strong and graceful outline,
With branches green and bare,
We fill the land through all the year
With beauty everywhere.

ALL.

*So, listen, from the forest,
Each one a message sends
To children on this Arbor Day,
"We trees are your best friends."*

—Primary Education.

EXERCISE—SELECTED RECITATIONS.

FIRST PUPIL.

To' him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, e'er he is aware.

—*Bryant.*

SECOND PUPIL.

For Nature beats in perfect tune,
 And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
 Whether she work in land or sea,
 Or hide underground her alchemy.
 Thou can'st not wave thy staff in air
 Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
 But it carves the bow of beauty there,
 And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.
 The wood is wiser far than thou;
 The wood and wave each other know.
 Not unrelated, unaffied,
 But to each thought and thing allied,
 Is perfect Nature's every part,
 Rooted in the mighty Heart.

—*Emerson.*

THIRD PUPIL.

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

—*Wordsworth.*

FOURTH PUPIL.

Faint murmurs from the pine-tops reach my ear,
 As if a harp-string—touched in some far sphere—
 Vibrating in the lucid atmosphere,
 Let the soft south wind waft its music here.

—*T. B. Aldrich.*

FIFTH PUPIL.

Old trees in their living state are the only things that money cannot command. Rivers leave their beds, run into cities and traverse mountains for it; obelisks and arches, palaces and temples, amphitheatres and pyramids rise up like exhalations at its bidding. Even the free spirit of man, the only thing great on earth, crouches and cowers in its presence. It passes away and vanishes before venerable trees.—*Landor.*

SIXTH PUPIL.

Plant in the springtime the beautiful trees,
 So that in future each soft summer breeze,
 Whispering through tree-tops may call to our mind
 Days of our childhood then left far behind.

—*Selected.*

FAMOUS TREES.

NOTE TO TEACHERS.—We suggest to you to allow your pupils to secure information relating to the trees below mentioned, and then to write short descriptions of them for the information of all the pupils and their parents.

- 1.—The Treaty Elm of Philadelphia.
- 2.—The Charter Oak of Hartford, Conn.
- 3.—The Liberty Elm of Boston.
- 4.—Washington's Elm at Cambridge.
- 5.—The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, N. Y.
- 6.—Perry's Willow on the shore of Lake Erie.
- 7.—The Hamilton Trees of New York.
- 8.—The Carey Sycamore.
- 9.—The Big Trees of California.
- 10.—The Apple Tree of Appomattox.
- 11.—The Tree from Napoleon's Grave.
- 12.—Logan's Elm.
- 13.—Shakespeare's Mulberry Tree.
- 14.—The Baobab Tree of the Cape Verde Islands.
- 15.—The Banyan Trees of India.
- 16.—The Cedars of Mt. Lebanon.
- 17.—De Soto's Oak at Tampa, Fla.

Have each child describe some tree he has observed.

Have pupils prepare essays on

- (a) Famous Trees.
- (b) What We Owe to Trees.
- (c) The Use to which Civilized Man Puts Trees.
- (d) Our Most Useful Trees.
- (e) The Fruit Trees of Kansas.

Read: "The Talking Oak," Tennyson; and
"Building the Birch Canoe," Longfellow.

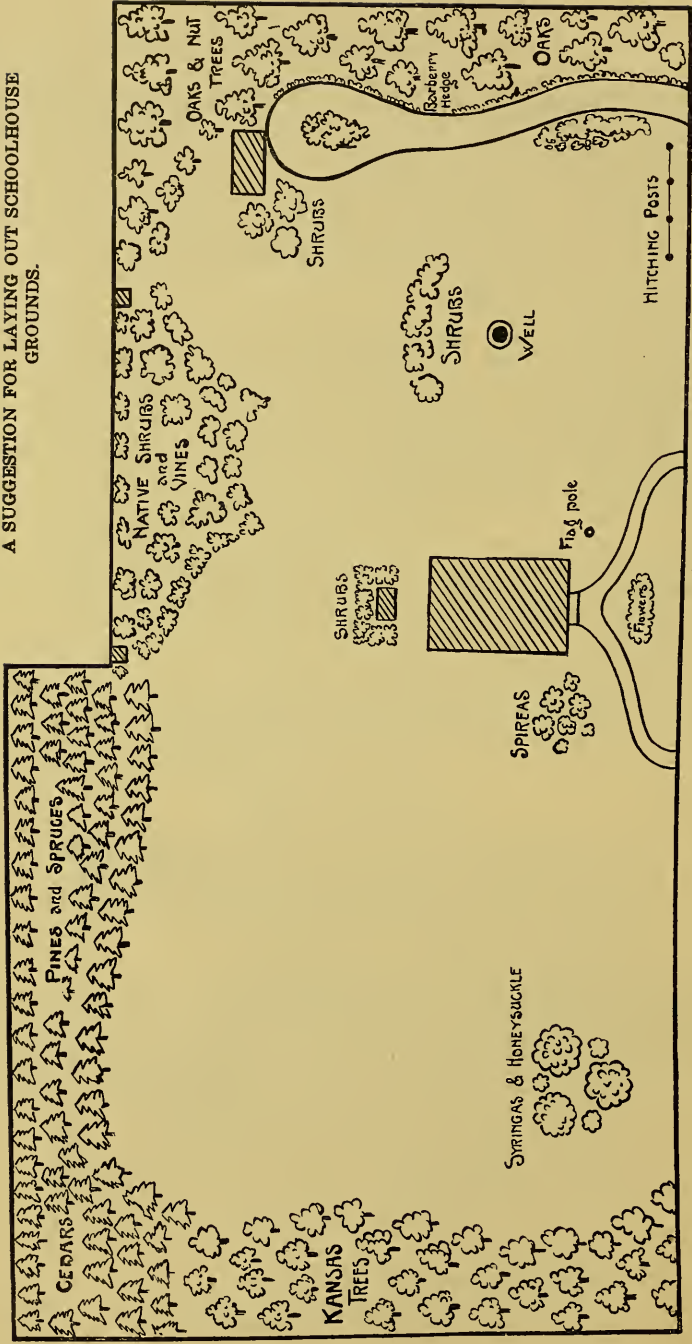
A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty.

—Bryant.

We have a secret, just we three,¹
The robin and I and the sweet cherry tree,
The bird told the tree and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

A SUGGESTION FOR LAYING OUT SCHOOLHOUSE
 GROUNDS.



-Courtesy of the Kansas State Agricultural College, Manhattan.

BEAUTIFYING RURAL SCHOOL GROUNDS.

The country school yard is often a dreary place. The plain frame building of the rural school, too frequently little better in appearance than a cattle shed, stands in the middle of its bare yard like a scarecrow in a cornfield after the corn has been gathered. And, like the scarecrow in his deserted field, the picture is well fitted to frighten children.

There is no bit of ground where beauty is more appropriate, where it will extend a wider and more constant blessing, and where it is more easily obtained.

There are ferns for shady corners; there are many varieties of tall goldenrod that, bending in September breezes, will beckon the children back to school as to a golden way to knowledge; there are quantities of sumac which, put in clumps against the building or the high back fence, will change an ugly barrier into a gorgeous screen; there are vines that ask only for a chance to climb lovingly over the doors and windows; there are little trees only waiting for an opportunity to spread their roots in the school yard and grow great there, entering tirelessly into the games of a ceaseless procession of scampering children, receiving into their arms the boys and accepting the confidences of the whispering girls and making for all when the sun is high a beautiful welcome shade. There are violets and snowdrops that are eager to play hide and seek in the school yard in early spring days, and in some parts of the state there are wild roses to bloom in June and lend their sweetness for all the summer to the memory of school.

Since we can so easily make the school yard beautiful, a little oasis in the lives of ourselves and of those who are to follow us, and since it is fun to do it—going out into the woods and the fields for what we want—let us resolve that next fall there shall not be a single barren school yard in the rural districts of the state.—*Charles Mulford Robinson.*

TREE PLANTING

Select straight, thrifty young trees from the nursery, or from open places, such as the seedling trees along fences. Secure as much of the tap root and its main branches as practicable. Those having an abundance of the small fibrous roots are best. More trees die from injury received in digging them than from any other cause, and the greatest care must be exercised in digging the tree, as so much of the success in transplanting depends upon how well the work is done.

In digging the trees remove the surface soil down to the roots and then cut a trench around the tree from one to four feet, according to its size. With young trees, cutting down with a sharp spade in a circle around the tree will be all that is necessary. Great care should be taken to keep the roots from the sun or the wind, for their vitality is soon lost by exposure. Retain as much soil as possible around the roots. If the saplings are brought any distance they may be bound around by a strong sheet of canvas, or packed with dampened straw or moss. In transplanting a tree a part of the roots will be left in the ground, and it may be necessary to thin the branches so as to maintain a balance between *branches* and *roots*.

In planting, let the roots retain about the same position they had originally.

The holes for the trees should always be made before the trees are brought to the grounds. Make the holes wide enough so that the roots need not be doubled back upon themselves, and deep enough so that the tree shall stand a little deeper than originally. The surface soil being generally the best should be thrown to one side and the poorer soil from below to the other side. In filling in, the better or surface soil should be returned first, so as to be nearer the roots. If the ground be poor, partly fill the hole with rich loam from the forest, or manure. In applying manure care should be taken to keep it from direct contact with the roots.

In setting the tree, place it a trifle deeper than it stood before, spread out the roots so that none are doubled—and sift fine rich soil carefully among them so as to fill every space. Pack the soil gently but firmly about the roots, and when these have been covered deeply enough to secure them from injury and to give them a firm hold pack the ground firmly by stamping. The trees should be well watered as soon as planted, and the watering should be continued during the dry season for the first two years. The surface should not be rounded up around the trees, but the hole filled to the level of the surrounding surface. The fresh surface around a newly planted tree should be mulched by a covering of straw, leaves or wood chips to the depth of about ten inches.—*Selected.*

PLANT A TREE.

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy,
Every day a fresh reality;
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growth appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul immortality.

He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant: life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work his own reward shall be.

—*Lucy Larcom.*



PEACE.

Saint Gauden's statue of General Sherman led by the winged guide *VICTORY-PEACE*.

Peace Day.

THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF MAY.

*O! make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.*

—John G. Whittier.

GOD BLESS OUR FATHERLAND.

O. W. HOLMES.

Tune: "America."

God bless our fatherland,
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own;
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend;
On all her realms descend;
Protect her throne.

Father, in loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all her ways;
Thine arm his shelter be
From harm by land and sea;
Bid storm and danger flee;
Prolong his days.

Lord, bid war's trumpet cease;
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings;
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath Thy sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

HIGHER GROUND.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war, and think of war as the negative of peace, . . . then shall shine forth the higher soldier-ship of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its works shall seem to be but crude struggles after, and rehearsals for, that higher fight, the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience. . . . "The war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled." But it is not that the power of fight has perished: it is that the battle has gone up onto higher ground, and into higher light. The battle is above the clouds.—
Phillips Brooks.

THE HAGUE PEACE CONFERENCE.

May 18, 1899, the czar called the first peace conference at The Hague and one hundred representatives met in that city, in Queen Wilhelmina's little palace called "The Home in the Woods." For three months they sat behind closed doors in a circular hall decorated with large paintings commemorating the Peace of Munster. In that hall is inscribed the motto "The greatest victory is that by which peace is won." The results of that conference were as follows: A permanent international tribunal was established with over seventy permanent judges, four of whom were to be appointed by the United States. That tribunal opened in 1901. Andrew Carnegie donated \$1,500,000 for the erection of a building. The first case before that tribunal was submitted by the United States and Mexico. By its provisions for mediation President Roosevelt made possible the Portsmouth treaty between Japan and Russia.

The second Hague conference met June 15, 1907, representatives of all the nations of the globe were present, and it was in session four months. It was the most august assembly in human history. Some of the important matters that failed of the unanimous acceptance necessary were accepted by a large majority. Provision was made for a third conference to assemble within eight years. A world court was agreed upon to try cases by international law. That court has fifteen judges, and in addition to it there is a tribunal of arbitration. Notable harmony and courtesy existed among all the delegates. Several nations, among them the five Central American states, have agreed to arbitrate every question arising between them.

QUOTATIONS ON PEACE.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

—*Shakespeare.*

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—*Collins.*

Let us have peace.—*U. S. Grant.*

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—*Longfellow.*

Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.—*Milton.*

My first wish is to see the whole world at peace, and the inhabitants of it as one band of brothers, striving which should contribute most to the happiness of mankind.—*Washington.*

THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice. If peace is sought to be defended or preserved for the safety of the luxurious and the timid, it is a sham, and the peace will be base; war is better. If peace is to be maintained, it must be by brave men who have come up to the same height as the hero, but who have gone one step beyond the hero!—*Emerson.*

PROGRESS WORKS FOR PEACE.

The laws of progress work for peace. A wise man, when challenged, replied that any fool could propose a duel, but it takes two fools to fight. The nations will yet learn this. Already they are questioning the wisdom of wasting most of their wealth in endless preparations for wars which can be avoided and which cannot come without mutual ruin. Already they see a fallacy in the system which spends millions on a battleship that soon becomes useless by the invention of a better one, and which is forever improving walls to resist cannon and then improving cannon to destroy the walls. They begin to see the folly in fortifying boundaries at infinite expense, when that long one between us and British America has been safe for nearly a century, without walls or warship, by mere mutual agreement. . . . Shall justice be abolished by a national boundary, and moral law stop at the state line?—*Henry M. Simmons.*

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

—*Selected.*

AFTER WAR.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Above the roar of the cannon,
The battle-clamor shrill, —
Above men's groans and curses,
A voice cries, "Peace, be still!
Enough of blood and slaying,
Enough of strife and hate;
The bitter wrong is righted;
Lo! Peace stands at the gate."

O Peace! God's white-robed angel,
With spotless skirt and feet,
How welcome thy returning,
Thy gentleness how sweet.
The red sword of the nation
Drive hilt-deep in the sod,
Now twine thy lilies round it,
And both shall honor God.

ANGEL OF PEACE.

O. W. HOLMES.

Angel of peace, thou hast wandered too long!
 Spread thy wings to the sunshine of love!
 Come while our voices are blended in song—
 Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove—
 Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove.
 Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
 Crowned with thy olive-leaf garland of love—
 Angel of peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine
 Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
 Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,
 Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—
 Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!
 Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
 Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
 Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!
 Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
 Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main,
 Bid the full breath of the organ reply—
 Let the loud tempest of voices reply—
 Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!
 Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!
 Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

LIBERTY'S SAFEGUARD.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

Air: "America."

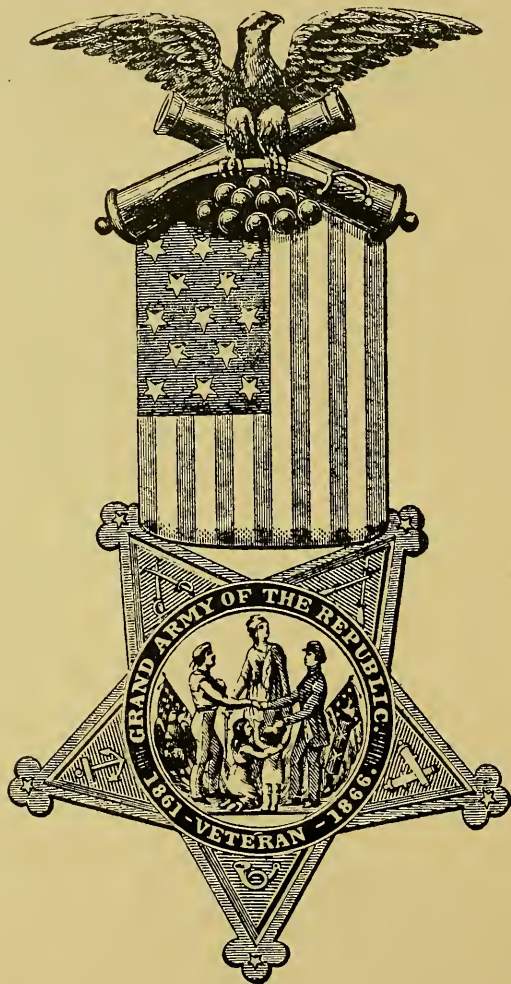
Our glorious Land to-day,
 'Neath education's sway,
 Soars upward still.
 Its halls of learning fair,
 Whose bounties all may share,
 Behold them everywhere
 On vale and hill!

Thy safeguard, liberty,
 The school shall ever be,—
 Our nation's pride!
 No tyrant's hand shall smite,
 While with encircling might
 All here are taught the right
 With truth allied.

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires
 Keep we still pure!
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In peace and light imperaled,
 God hold secure.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE used to say that a nation which has a Secretary of War and no Secretary of Peace will soon be considered unfit for decent society.

Mr. Edwin Ginn, of Boston, has recently given one million dollars for the endowment of an International School of Peace, which is devoted to the education of the people in behalf of international justice and fraternity.



Memorial Day.

THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MAY

*For the dead, a tribute ;
For the living, a memory ;
For posterity, an emblem of loyalty
to the flag of their country.*

—Inscription on Soldiers' Monument, Pittsfield, Mass.

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

As the school will be dismissed to take part in the exercises on Memorial Day, exercises should be held in the school on the previous day.

A part of the afternoon should be devoted to these exercises.

Songs: "America."

"We're Tenting To-night."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

"Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Recitation: Lincoln's Gettysburg Address (found on page 26).

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and daring few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
Dear as the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless tone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

QUOTATIONS.

These are the flowers I love the best,
 And I've brought them all to lay
 With loving hands where soldiers rest,
 On Decoration Day.

—*Susie M. Best.*

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter to-day!
 For each one some fond heart weeps;
 So, children dear, make the spot less drear
 Wherever a soldier sleeps.

They were American soldiers—so are we. They were fighting an American battle—so are we. They were climbing a height—so are we. Give us time, and we, too, shall triumph.—*George William Curtis.*

Tears for the grief of a father,
 For a mother's anguish, tears;
 But for him that died for his country,
 Glory and endless years.

—*W. D. Howells.*

They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven.—*Robert G. Ingersoll.*

Bring ye blossoms of the May
 For the brave beloved dead;
 Tender memories rise to-day
 O'er each fallen hero's bed.

Bring ye blossoms of the May,
 Strew each humble soldier's grave;
 Liberty shall kneel to-day,
 Honoring the true and brave.

He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the bench, the forge, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown.—*John M. Thurston.*

Cover them over—yes, cover them over,
 Parent and husband and brother and lover;
 Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—*Will Carleton.*

The only debt that the nation can never repay is the one to her old soldiers.

Grave deep their memory on your hearts,
 Keep ye their country free;
 Live for the flag for which they died—
 This is their legacy.

—*N. M. Lowater.*

Peace to the brave who nobly fell
 Beneath our flag, their hope and pride!
 They fought like heroes long and well,
 And then like heroes died.

—*W. T. Adams.*

Hallow ye each lonely grave,
 Make their memory sure and blest;
 For their lives they noble gave,
 And their spirits are at rest.

TO HIM WHO DIED ALONE.

O, Wind, if thou should find a grave,
By every human love forgot,
Where lonely sleeps some soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot.
Rustle the wild, long grasses there,
And through thy chambers vast awake
The echoes of his parting prayer,
Who died for freedom's sake.

Take roses in both hands and strew
The graves of those to honor unknown;
But, oh! one tender thought is due
To him who died alone.
Alone with none but God to see
The young brave soul his bondage break;
And yet he fought for liberty,
And died for freedom's sake.

— *Amelia Barr.*

And when the war was over, he quietly took up the broken ends of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.
— *John M. Thurston.*

“Scatter your flowers alike to-day
Over the graves of the Blue and Gray.
Time has healed all the nation's scars,
Peace has hushed all the noise of wars,
And North and South, East and West,
There beats but one heart in the nation's breast.”

— *Mary N. Robinson.*

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

— *Longfellow.*

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

— *Longfellow.*

I, with uncovered head,
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who returned not.

— *Lowell.*

A debt we ne'er can repay,
To them is justly due.
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
“They died for me and you!”
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave.
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

“Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.”— *Abraham Lincoln.*

Not one man shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall, by and by, be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.— *Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE CHILDREN'S PLEDGE.

Concert Recitation.

Our hands shall gather blossoms sweet
 For brave men lying low;
 Our hearts shall to the soldiers dead
 All love and honor show.

We'll love the flag they loved so well,
 The dear old banner bright;
 We'll love the land for which they fell
 With soul and strength and might.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or honor points the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.

—Selected.

He loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields.—*John M. Thurston.*

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
 Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;
 Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed;
 Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the sea.)

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
 Your truth and valor wearing;
 The bravest are the tenderest,
 The loving are the daring.

—Taylor.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers;
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day;
 Under the roses the Blue;
 Under the lilies the Gray.

—Finch.

Let us scatter over their graves the brightest beauties of life—the glad tokens of a blessed immortality.—*George S. Mitchell.*

Till the mountains are worn out and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of national remembrance!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The debt of gratitude which we owe to the nation's defenders can never be repaid, either by this or future generations; yet the acknowledged gift of the obligation each year, in various forms and in a multitude of places through this broad land, purifies our ideas and brings us all together in sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose.—*William McKinley.*

GONE INTO CAMP.

Thin are the blue-clad ranks to-day, once half a million strong,
 And slow and feeble are the feet that once marched far and long;
 Once more together they will march with slow, uncertain tramp,
 To see their comrades who have gone before them into camp.

The tents are spread—the low, green tents, whose curtains tightly close;
 No reveille will waken those who sweetly here repose;
 No more their weary feet will toil o'er highways rough and damp—
 For them the long, hard march is done, for they've gone into camp.

Their comrades come with songs and flowers; the banner of their love
 Floats proudly out upon the air, their low, close tents above;
 Ah, many a mile they followed it with strong and steady tramp
 Before they heard the order given—"Break ranks—go into camp."

—*American Primary Teacher.*

OUR LOYAL WOMEN.

PROFESSOR LONG.

There were silent factors in that war—heroes whose fame it is not the custom to sing—soldiers outside the ranks, who never bore arms and yet bore all the burdens of war, soldiers as much beloved by those in front, and more than the commander-in-chief himself, and whose sympathy and courage and work in the war was a strong support and aid in its successful issue—I allude to our loyal women. God only knows what they suffered, and did it how nobly!

When the time of parting came, who can measure the anguish of that last good-by? Who can estimate the courage of the wife who held bravely back the feelings of grief as her trembling lips spoke to her loved companion her last words of cheer, and held aloft the babe to wave farewell—perhaps eternal, as he turned on the hilltop to take one more look—perhaps his last.

When the husbands and fathers and brothers were away in danger, down in the camp in wood and swamp and field, she, with a power of body and mind unthought of, raised the crops and cared for the family, laboring under the constant dread lest the next mail that came from the lines would tell of the death of her loved one. Their letters from home, full of tenderness, of love and cheer, nerved the arm and fired the heart to noble deeds. The sister that did the part of brothers, the wife that did the double duty of provider and protector, the "girl you left behind you," whose white hands were nightly folded in prayer to the God of Battle for your safety and return, the mother who willingly, yet sadly, gave the boys on whom she looked with pride—must be counted among our heroes and receive our homage.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
 From wandering on a foreign strand?

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL'S VISION.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the thousands of assemblages and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings of the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the town and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the glory fields, in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the burning shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves, we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave-pen, and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle—in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
 Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea—
 Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed—
 Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free.

—Selected.

WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?

LAURA F. ARMITAGE.

FIRST.

What can the little children do,
 When Decoration Day is here,
 To show their love for soldiers brave
 Who, fighting for their country, gave
 The life that was to them so dear?

SECOND.

We'll bring the lovely flowers of spring
 That in the fields and gardens grow,
 And on the soldiers' graves to-day
 Our garlands we will gladly lay,
 Our loving thoughts of them to show.

THIRD.

We'll raise aloft the "stars and stripes"
 On this Memorial Day, to show
 We honor those who for it bled.
 Some now are living, many dead,
 For this was many years ago.

FOURTH.

We'll sing our patriotic songs;
 We'll truly sing with heart and voice,
 And to our country we'll be true,
 And honor our "red, white, and blue,"
 And in our freedom we'll rejoice.

SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
 Dream of battlefields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle's enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing.
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
 Dream of the fighting fields no more!
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping,
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
 At the daybreak from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum,
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warders challenge here;
 Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

By the flow of the inland river,
 Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
 Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
 Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the one, the Blue,
 Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
 Those in the gloom of defeat,
 All with the battle-blood gory,
 In the dusk of eternity meet:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Under the laurel, the Blue,
 Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
 The desolate mourners go,
 Lovingly laden with flowers,
 Alike for the friend and the foe:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the roses, the Blue,
 Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
 With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Brodered with gold, the Blue,
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
 With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Wet with the rain, the Blue,
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done;
 In the storm of the years that are fading,
 No braver battle was won:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day,
 Under the blossoms, the Blue,
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red;
 They banish our anger forever,
 When they laurel the graves of our dead:—
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day;
 Love and tears for the Blue,
 Tears and love for the Gray.

COVER THEM OVER.

WILL CARLETON.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers;
 Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours;
 Lying so silent by night and by day,
 Sleeping the years of their manhood away;
 Years they had marked for the joys of the brave;
 Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
 All the bright laurels that promised to bloom
 Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
 Give them the meed they have won in the past;
 Give them the honors their merits forecast;
 Give them the chaplets they won in the strife;
 Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over,
 Parent and husband and brother and lover;
 Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away—
 Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
 They who, in mountain and hillside and dell
 Rest where they wearied and lie where they fell.
 Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose;
 Sweetly above them the wild floweret blows;
 Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'er head,
 Whispering names for the patriot dead.
 So in our minds we will name them once more,
 So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
 Roses and lilies and violets blue,
 Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent and husband and brother and lover;
 Think of those far-away heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers!

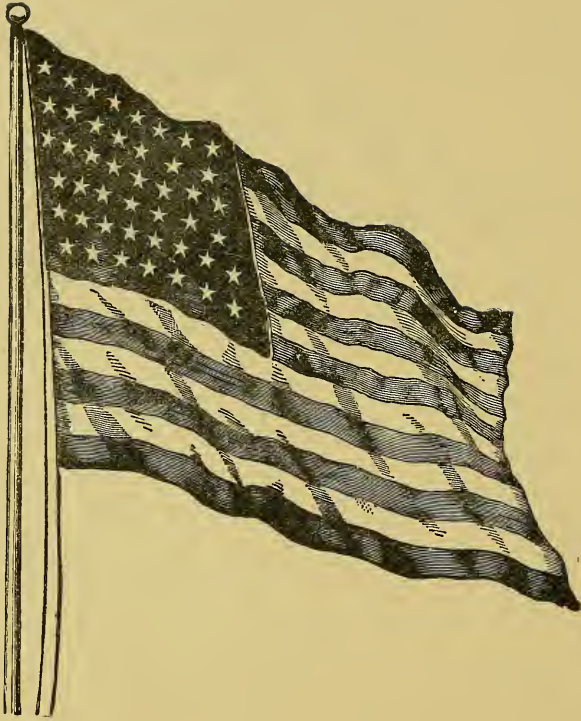
When the long years have crept slowly away,
 E'en to the dawn of the earth's funeral day;
 When at the archangel's trumpet and tread,
 Rise up the faces and forms of the dead;
 When the great world its last judgment awaits;
 When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,
 And our long columns march silently through,
 Past the Great Captain for final review;
 Then for the blood that has flown for the right,
 Crowns shall be given untarnished and bright;
 Then the glad ear of each war-martyred son
 Proudly shall hear the good judgment, "Well done."
 Blessings for garlands shall cover them over.
 Parent, and husband, and brother, and lover:
 God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flowers!

CROSSING THE BAR.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark!
For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.



“O glorious flag! red, white, and blue,
Bright emblem of the pure and true;
O glorious group of clustering stars!
Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,
Unfading scarf of liberty,
The ensign of the brave and free.”

— *Edward J. Preston.*

Flag Day.

THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF JUNE.

*"Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'T will be a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!"*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

As the schools are not in session as late as June 14, it is recommended that the exercises for Flag Day be incorporated with the exercises of other patriotic days, such as Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday and Peace Day. Lincoln's birthday is quite commonly observed as Flag Day.

Songs:—"Star Spangled Banner."
"Red, White and Blue."

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

S. PARKMAN TUCKERMAN.

Air: "America."

God bless our native land,
On this firm shore we stand
For Freedom's right.
Let us arise in might,
Dispel the shades of night,
And banish them for light
And truth, we pray.

Send us Thy truth and love,
Guide us to look above
For all we need.
Show us the way to go,
From Thee all mercies flow,
Teach us Thy name to know,—
For this we pray.

This hymn of praise we sing
To God the mighty King,
Enthroned above.
May He our nation guide,
From every danger hide,
And with us still abide,
To shield and bless!

Our flag is the symbol of sovereignty, the emblem of the love of country. It ought to float wherever the spirit of this great country is at work; in its halls at Washington, in its city halls, in its public buildings—*everywhere*. Our youth ought to be taught that we have a government built up on sacrifices as that of no other nation is. We take these other nations into our own, but not before they have renounced all allegiance elsewhere. This is the land of freedom, of equal rights; and the guarantee of it is the flag which floats over our common city.—*Abram S. Hewitt.*

THE FLAG SALUTE IN SCHOOLS.

H. W. ROOD.

There are two forms of salutes, or pledges, given as follows:

1. When the salute is to be given, at a signal from the teacher all the pupils rise. The boy or girl who has been selected for color-bearer then brings the flag to the front, and after it is in place, at a sign from the teacher the pupils raise their right hands, palms downward, to a level with their foreheads, and repeat in concert this pledge:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands,—one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

At the words "to my flag" every one will extend his right hand gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and hold it there till the pledge is given, then lower it to the side. While thus standing, all will unite in singing our national hymn, "My Country, 't is of Thee."

In some schools where the children are quite small the silent salute is practiced, as follows: At a signal from the teacher, as the flag reaches its station by the teacher's desk, every little one will raise his hand, palm downward, to a horizontal position, tip of front finger touching the forehead, and hold it there while the flag is "dipped" and returned to a vertical position. Then at a second signal the hand is lowered to the side. This silent salute corresponds pretty nearly to the military and naval salute to the flag.

2. Some have thought that in schools where the children are too young to understand the meaning of the words "*allegiance*" and "*indivisible*" a simpler form of pledge should be given, as follows:

"I give my head and my heart to God and my Country,—One Country, One Language, One Flag."

After the color-bearer has brought forth the flag, at a signal from the teacher every pupil will stand erect in his place and give the pledge and salute in this manner:

1. Extend the right arm and point toward the flag.
2. Bring the tips of the fingers to the forehead, saying, "I give my head"—
3. Bring the hand over the heart, saying, "And my heart"—
4. Raise the hand, point and look upward, and say, "To God"—
5. Drop the hand to the side, repeating, "And my Country"—
6. Standing erect, repeat, "One Country, One Language, One Flag."
7. When saying "One Flag," advance the right foot, bend the body slightly forward, extend the arm and point to the flag.
8. Lowering the hand to the side, all sing a stanza of America, or some other patriotic song.

The effectiveness of the flag salute must depend very much upon the spirit in which it is given, and this spirit must depend very much, as all school exercises do, upon the spirit of the teacher. If this is done in the spirit of true patriotism, it will, I am sure, beget in the hearts of the pupils a love for the stars and stripes and all they symbolize.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The first real *American* flag had its origin in the following [resolution adopted by the American Congress, June 14, 1777:

"Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

But the flag thus resolved upon could not make *itself*. So a committee of Congress, accompanied by Washington, sought out the home and services of Mrs. Elizabeth Ross of Philadelphia—better known as "Betsy Ross"—to aid them in the flag-making, and gave to this country that red, white, and blue banner which is the admiration of all nations and the unfailing joy of every true American.—*New York Manual of Patriotism.*

THE MEANING OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The American flag means, then, all that the fathers meant in the Revolutionary war; it means all that the declaration of independence meant; it means all that the constitution of a people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant.

The American flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings.

Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *divine right of liberty in man.*

Every color means liberty, every thread means liberty, every form of star and beam of light means liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty. Accept it, then, in all its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the constitution. It is the government. It is the emblem of the sovereignty of the people. It is the nation. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

This nation has a banner; the symbol of liberty. It is the banner of dawn. It means liberty; and the galley slave, the poor, the trodden down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God.

Our flag carries American ideas, American history and American feelings. Beginning with the colonies and coming down to our time, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

How glorious has been its history! How divine is its meaning! In all the world is there a banner that carried such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service.—*Adapted from address of Henry Ward Beecher.*

OUR FLAG.

CHARLES SUMNER.

* There is the national flag! He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land the flag is companionship, and country itself, with all its endearments. Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eye, once fastened on its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry"; and yet I know not if it has any intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence. It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes, of alternate red and white, proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the declaration of independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two, together, signify union, past and present. The very colors have a language, which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars and colors blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country, 'to be cherished by all of our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

MEANING OF THE COLORS.

FIRST.

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods
 Of our frost-kissed northern hills;
 Red, to show that patriot blood
 Is beating now in a hurrying flood
 In the hearts of American men.

SECOND.

White, from the fields of stainless drift,
 On our wide western plains;
 White, to show that pure as snow
 We believe the Christ light yet shall glow
 In the souls of American men.

THIRD.

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky,
 O'er our fatherland outspread;
 Blue, to show that as wide as heaven
 Shall justice to all mankind be given
 At the hands of American men.

ALL.

Red, white, and blue, and the light of the stars,
 Through our holy colors shine;
 Love, truth, and justice, virtues three,
 That bloom in the land of liberty,
 In the homes of American men.

—Selected.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE,

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there!
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light;
 Then, from his mansion in the sun,
 She called her eagle-bearer down,
 And gave into his mighty hand
 The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
 To hear the tempest trumping loud,
 And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
 And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—
 Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle-stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high!
 When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on,
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn,
 And, as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
 When death, careering on the gale
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given!
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet!
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

RECITATION.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
 Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
 To her years of prosperity past and in store,
 A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
 'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
 Let the Nation stand by the school;
 'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

The blue arch above is Liberty's dome,
 The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
 But the schoolroom to-day is humanity's friend—
 Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.
 'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
 Let the Nation stand by the school;
 'Tis the school bell that rings for our Liberty old,
 'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.

—*Butterworth on "The Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag."*

MANY FLAGS IN MANY LANDS.

FIRST PUPIL.

There are many flags in many lands,
 There are flags of every hue;
 But there is no flag, however grand,
 Like our own "Red, White, and Blue."

CHORUS.

*Then, hurrah, for the flag! Our Country's Flag.
 It's stripes, and white stars, too;
 There is no flag in any land,
 Like our own Red, White, and Blue!*

SECOND PUPIL.

I know where the prettiest colors are,
 And I'm sure if I only knew
 How to get them here I could make a flag
 Of glorious "Red, White, and Blue."

THIRD PUPIL.

I could cut a piece from an evening sky,
 Where the stars were shining through,
 And use it just as it was on high,
 For my stars and field of blue.

FOURTH PUPIL.

Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud,
 And some red from a rainbow bright;
 And put them together, side by side,
 For my stripes of red and white.

FIFTH PUPIL.

We shall always love the "Stars and Stripes"
 And we mean to be ever true
 To this land of ours and the dear old flag,
 The "Red, the White, and the Blue."

—Selected.

PATRIOTISM.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES, JR.

PATRIOTISM is zealous service for one's country:
 Attend, then, to the duties of each day;
 Try to aid every good and noble cause;
 Respect the rights of others;
 Insist upon honesty in public and private business;
 Obey loyally those in authority;
 Tell nothing but the truth;
 Inspire others by your zeal;
 Serve whole-heartedly wherever you serve;
 Make every effort to promote the cause of peace—
 the nation's strength lies in such PATRIOTISM.

OUR FLAG.

And when we wanted an emblem
 To carry in war and peace,
 A flag to tell to the nations
 That the Union never should cease,
 We looked to the heavens above us,
 To the stars in the fair blue skies,
 And we copied the red from the sunset clouds
 In the west when daylight dies.

—*Selected.*

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